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LOVE IS DEAD.

BY CATHARINE FILER.

Love, O Love, so lying dead,
Rigid limbed and icy chill;
Pressing your rosy bed
So softly calm and still
Blue up, rise up, no more
Be buried deep in yore.
For hearts fain would forget,
Fain would forgotten be.

Roses have crowned thy brow,
Tremulous as thy heart;
Broken: the roses now
Festered the thorn's fierce smart.
But the bliss and pain are past;
Death, death has come at last;
But we may not forget,
Nor thou forgotten be.

How better far is death
Than thy red rose, O pain!
O passion! and O breath!
O anguish, food no vain!
O Love! that feth dead
Upon thy rosy bed,
That hearts fain would forget
Couldst thou forgotten be!

Aye, Love doth lie in death,
Cold in our hearts he lies;
The spirit draws a breath
Fraught with griefed agonies;
For the past was wild and vain,
And love consuming pain.
Ah! if we might forget,
And might forgotten be!

Not in the Heaven beyond
Would I know thee, agony;
I would have no selfish fond,
Fond me in ecstasy.
May Heaven be taught but dreams,
By calm pellucid streams,
When we may all forget
And all forgotten be!

SIDONIE, THE INTRIGANTE.

THE PROMPT JEUNE BY RISLER AINE
OF ALPHONSE DAUDET.

Translated by George D. Cox.

[This story was commenced in No. 25, Vol.
34. Back numbers can always be obtained.]

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BOOK IV.

III.—[Continued.]

When the consciousness of things returned to him, he was seated on the bench occupied by the workmen on pay days, his cloak on the ground, his cravat untied, his shirt open, ripped by the knife of Sigismund. Happily for him he had cut his hands when he tore at the screen; the blood had flowed abundantly, and that had sufficed to save him from an attack of apoplexy. When he reopened his eyes, he saw beside him Sigismund and Madame George, whom the old cashier had gone to find in his distress. As soon as Risler could speak, it was to her he addressed himself chokingly:

"Is it true, Madame Chorbé, is it true, what he tells me?"
She had not the courage to deceive him and turned away her eyes.
"So," continued he, "so the house is lost, and it is I—"

"No, Risler, my friend. No, it is not you."
"My wife, is it not? Oh, this is horrible. See how I have paid you my debt of gratitude. But you, Madame Chorbé, you have not believed me the accomplice of this infamy!"

"No, my friend, no. Calm yourself. I know that you are the most honest man on the face of the earth."

He looked at her a moment, his lips trembling, his hands joined, for all the manifestations of this ingenuous being had about them something infantile.

"Oh, Madame Chorbé, Madame Chorbé!" he murmured. "When I think that it is I who have ruined you—"

In this great blow which had fallen on him and by which his heart, full of love for Sidonie had been above all stricken, he saw only the financial disaster of the house of Fromont caused by his blindness for his wife. All at once he raised up briskly:

"Well," said he, "let us not distress ourselves. We must settle our accounts."

Madame Fromont grew afraid.

"Risler, Risler, where are you going?" She thought he was going to George.

Risler understood her and gave a superb smile of disdain:

"Rescue yourself, Madame. Monsieur Chorbé can sleep tranquilly. I have something more pressing to do than avenge my honor as a husband. Remain here—I will return."

He flew up the little stairway; and believing in his word, Claire waited with Planus in one of those supreme and indecisive moments which seem long from the multitudes of suppositions which fill them.

A few instants after, a noise of hurried steps, a rustling of a dress, filled the narrow and sombre stairway.

Sidonie appeared first, in her ball dress, splendid, and so pale that her jewels, sparkling all over her white skin, seemed more alive than herself, worn upon the cold marble of a statue. The excitement of the dance, the agitation of her emotion and of her rapid passage, had entirely overcome her, and her light ribbons, her ornaments,

her flowers, her rich, worldly attire, hung about her tragically. Risler followed her, loaded with jewel cases, with little boxes, with papers. When he had arrived up-stairs he had thrown open his wife's secretary, had taken everything of value in it, jewels, bonds, the deed of the chalet of Amieres; then from the doorway of the chamber, he had called into the hall in a loud voice:

"Madame Risler!"
She had run to him very quickly, so that

nothing of this rapid scene had deranged the guests, then in all the animation of the soiree. Seeing her husband standing before the secretary, the drawers open, forced, overturned upon the carpet with the thousand things they contained, she comprehended that something terrible had taken place.

"Come quick," said Risler; "I know all!"

She strove to assume an innocent and proud look, but he seized her by the arm with such violence that the words of Fromont came back to her mind: "He will die of it, perhaps, but he will kill you first!" As she was afraid of death, she allowed herself to be drawn along without resistance, and had not even the courage to lie.

"Where are you going?" she asked in a low voice.

Risler did not reply. She had only time to throw over her bare shoulders, with that care of herself which she never forgot, a scarf of light tulle; and he drew her, pushed her rather, down the office stairway, which he descended after her, his steps in hers, fearing to see his prey escape him.

"See," said he, as he entered. "We have stolen, we make restitution. Here, Planus, here's something to raise money on!"

And he laid upon the cashier's desk all the elegant spoils with which his arms were loaded, feminine gewgaws, little objects of coquetry, stamped papers.

Then, turning towards his wife:

"Now, your jewels. Come, quick!"

She moved slowly, opened with regret the springs of bracelets and bangles, and above all the magnificent clasp of her diamond necklace, in which the initial of her name—a sparkling "S"—seemed a serpent asleep, a prisoner in a circle of gold.

Risler thinking the process too long roughly broke the frail attachments. The ornament cried out under his fingers as if chastised.

"My turn, now," said he, after this. "I must surrender all, too! Here is my portfolio. What have I—what have I?"

He looked, he searched, feverishly.

"Ah, my watch—with the chain that is good for a thousand francs. My rings, even my engagement ring—all to the treasury, all. We have a hundred thousand francs to pay this morning. As soon as it is day, I must go to the country to sell, to liquidate. I know a man who wants the chalet of Amieres. That can be disposed of at once."

He talked, he acted alone. Sigismund and Madame George looked at him without a word. As to Sidonie she seemed inert, unconscious. The cold air, which came from the garden, through the little door, half open since Risler fainted, made her shiver, and mechanically she drew about her the folds of her scarf, her eyes fixed, her ball sounding in the intervals of silence like bitter irony, with the heavy steps of the dancers shaking the floor? A hand of iron, laid upon her, drew her suddenly from her torpor. Risler had taken her by the arm and pulled her before the wife of his partner.

"Down on your knees!" said he.

"Madame Fromont drew back, protested.

"No, no, Risler, not that!"

"It must be," said Risler, implacable. "Restitution—reparation. Down on your knees, wretch!" And with irresistible force he threw Sidonie at Claire's feet, then, holding her still by the arm:

"Hasten after me, word for word, what I am going to say: 'Madame—'

Sidonie, half dead with fear, repeated slowly: "Madame—"

sakes, as if to testify that this further departure had in it no hope of a return.

Above they were still dancing. They thought the mistress of the house occupied with the approaching supper, whilst she fled thus, with uncovered head, choking with cries of rage and tears.

Where did she go? She fled like a lunatic, traversing the garden, the courts of the manufactory, the vaults where the sinister and icy wind was stuffed. There Adeline had not recognized

"Who's there?" asked he, somewhat agitated.

"It is I—Sidonie. Open the door, quick."

She entered all of a shiver, and casting aside her scarf, went straight to the hearth upon which the fire was about dying.

The sparks at once, let loose that anger which had been strangling her for an hour; and whilst she recounted the scene at the manufactory, lowering the sound of her voice on account of Mother Delobelle asleep near by, the luxury of her toilet on this fifth

flat so empty and so poor, the shining white of her apparel out of place among the piles of rough hats, the bits of straw scattered through the apartment, all gave the impression of a drama, of one of those terrible uprootings of life in which all ranks, opinions, fortunes, find themselves rudely confounded.

"Oh, I will never return! All is over! I am free, free!"

"But," asked the actor, "who could have denounced you in your husband's?"

"It was Francis. I am sure it was Francis. From any one else he would not have believed it. Only yesterday a letter arrived from Egypt. Oh, how he treated me before that woman."

Forced me to go down on my knees. But I will avenge myself. Happily I secured the means before quitting the house."

And her old time smile crept like a serpent about the corners of her pallid lips. The old actor had heard of all this with great interest. Despite his compassion for that poor devil Risler, for Sidonie's even, who seemed to him, in the style of the theatre, "a beautiful culprit," he could not prevent himself from looking at the affair in a point of view purely histrionic and he finished by crying out, carried away by his mania:

"What a splendid situation for a trifle!"

She did not hear him. Absorbed by some evil idea over which she smiled in advance, she drew, nearer the fire, her fine stockings, her light shoes wet by the snow.

"And now, what will you do?" asked Delobelle, after a moment's pause.

"Rest myself a little. Then I will see."

"I have no bed to offer you, my poor child. Mother Delobelle has retired. Do not worry yourself about me, my good Delobelle. I will sleep in this arm chair. I am not troublesome."

The actor sighed, and said: "It was our poor Zizi's. She has sat up in that many's the night, when the work was pressing. Alas! those who have gone before are assuredly the happiest."

He had always at his disposal one of those egotistical and consulting maxims. Scarcely had he pronounced this one that he perceived with horror that his soap was becoming completely cold. Sidonie noticed him.

"You were about to take supper? Go on with it."

"Yes, yes. That's part of the trade of the rude exterior, which we lead as others. For you see, my child, I hold on. I have not renounced. I will never renounce."

That which remained still of the soul of Desiree in that miserable household, where she had lived for twenty years, might well have trembled at that terrible declaration. He would never renounce! Delobelle continued:

"They do well to say it is the finest profession in the world. You are free, you depend on no one. All to fame and to the public! Ah! I know what I would do were I in your place. You were not born to live with those clowns. You are made for the artistic existence, the fever of success, and unforgotten, the emotions!"

Whilst talking, he motioned himself, tucked his napkin under his chin, and he helped himself to a large plate of soup.

"Without counting that your triumphs as a pretty woman will not hurt your position as an actress," he continued: "What do you think? You ought to take some lessons in declamation. With your voice, intelligence, means, you would have a magnificent future."

And, all at once, as if to initiate her into the joys of the dramatic art:

"But what am I thinking of! You have not supper? That undermines the emotions; eat yourself there, take that plate. I am certain you have not partaken of soupe au fromage for a long time."

He turned the closest upside down to find a cover, a napkin; and she seated herself opposite to him, smiling and laughing at the difficulties of the installation. Already she was less pale. There was even in her eyes a pretty sparkling made of the tears of an instant agony and the gaiety of now.

The actress! All the good fortune of her life was lost forever: honor, family, wealth. She had been driven from her home, despised, disgraced. She had undergone every humiliation, every disaster. That did not prevent her from supping with a marvellous appetite, and from listening joyously to the pleasantries of Delobelle upon her vocation and future success. She felt gay, happy, en route for the land of Bohemia, her true country. What was about to happen to her? Of how many flights and falls would her new existence, unforeseen, capricious, be composed? She thought thus as she went to sleep in the great arm-chair of Desiree; but she thought also of her vengeance, her dear vengeance that she held in her hand, all ready, and so sure, so fruitful.

IV.
THE NEW CLERK OF THE HOUSE OF FROMONT.

It was broad daylight when Fromont awoke. All the night, between the drama which was being enacted above, and the fête which was being celebrated above, he had slept with clenched fists in one of those slumbers of annihilation such as have criminals on the eve of execution, vanquished generals on the night of their defeat; slumbers in which one wakes never to awake and in which death makes itself known in advance by the absence of all sensation.

The bright light which penetrated through the curtains, doubled by the accumulations of snow with which the garden and the surrounding roofs were covered, recalling him to the sense of the reality. He felt a shock in all his being, and even before thinking, that vague impression of sorrow which forgotten misfortunes leave in their place. All the well known noises of the manufactory, the panting and hollow respiration of the engines were in full activity. The world then still existed. And little by little the thought of responsibility awakened in him.

"To for to-day," said he to himself with an involuntary movement towards the shadow of the alcove, as if he had had the desire to plunge anew into his long sleep.

The bell of the manufactory sounded, then other bells in the neighborhood, then the Angelus.

"Noon—already—how I have slept!" He felt a little remorse and a great relief to think that the drama of the day of payment had passed without him. What had they done below? Why had he not been notified?

He arose, half-opened the curtains and perceived Risler Aine and Sigismund talking together in the garden—they who had not spoken to each other for so long. What then had happened? When he was ready to descend, he found Claire at the door of his chamber.

"You must not go out," said she.

"Why?"

"Sit down. I will explain it to you."

"But how is it? Have they sent from the bank?"

"Yes, they have sent—the drafts are paid."

"Risler found the money. He ran about with Planus from early morning. It seems that his wife had superb jewels. The neck lace of diamonds alone was sold for twenty thousand francs. He also disposed of their house at Amieres with all it contained, but as time was required to record the deed of sale, Planus and his sister advanced the sum."

She turned away from him whilst speaking. He, on his side, hung down his head to escape her look.

"Risler is an honest man," she continued "and when he discovered from whom his wife had obtained all her sumptuousness—"

"How," exclaimed George, frightened.

"He knows?"

"All," responded Claire, lowering her voice. "The unhappy man, grew pale, stammered out a few words."

"But, you?"

"Oh, as for me, I knew all, before Risler. Yesterday on returning, do you remember, I said to you that at Savigny I had heard some very cruel things and that I would have given ten years of my life not to have made that journey."

"Claire?"

"He felt a great burst of tenderness, took a step to approach his wife, but she had a face so cold, so sadly resolved, her despair was so clearly written in austere indifference upon her entire person that he dared not clasp her to his heart as he had wished, and only murmured in a whisper:

"Pardon—pardon!"

"You find me very calm," said the cour-



A MATTER OF TASTE.

amount of my fortune, and, as I couldn't afford much delay in the risky game I was playing, I thought I'd just try to bring you to land a little quicker. Surely you can't blame my innocent little cousin. She sat upon the couch now, and her large blue eyes were fixed upon his, but their exact, ardent expression was there no longer. A cold, mocking light played in them which he had never seen before.

[illegible]

happened at the time of the outbreak of the storm, and without laying aside the book which she had taken up again. "You know you will do nothing of the sort. The thing is done now, and there's nothing left but to make the best of it. What possible good will it do to expose yourself to the ridicule, or what is worse, the pity of your acquaintances? And you know very well you can't expose me without exposing yourself. Just fancy what the charitable world would say about me if they knew I had been deceived by a lawyer. Ralph Duvall, had been duped by me, a poor, simple, innocent, artless soul! You'll never be such a fool as that!"²⁰

Ralph Denzil ground his teeth with impotent rage. He could not but admit the wisdom of his wife's remarks. His sensitive spirit shuddered at the mere thought of the storm of ridicule which would descend upon his head were the real facts of the

With calmer moments came calmer thoughts. He saw that the step he had taken was irrevocable—that there was no way of escape except at the cost of raising a storm of ridicule or impertinent pity more intolerable than even his marriage itself.

Eventually he arranged a quiet separation, on the ostensible plea of incompatibility of temper, and settled on his wife an annuity of one thousand pounds. He then gave up all idea of disposing of his practice, applied himself with yet greater ardor to his professional duties, and speedily accumulated wealth.

vestment. She considered a thousand a year good interest for the five thousand pounds she had sunk in order to secure it. She did not care to face again the society in which she had moved previously to her marriage with Ralph Denvil, but retired to a pleasant house in the country, where, by her beauty, her wit, and her easy circumstances, she became the centre of the neighboring society. Whatever hope she might at one time have cherished of a reconciliation, (tho' the secret was not known to her friends,) was now abandoned.

When with the assassin's weapon her fate was won, she was satisfied that, with Ralph Deuvil for that husband, such a reconciliation was impossible. She knew that with his cold unforgetting nature no soft memories of her could ever touch his heart, and she was content to live without him. On the whole she was quite satisfied with the result of her ruse.

ANGULAR FEEDING HABITS OF WOOD ANTS.

Mr. McCook, of the Academy of Natural Sciences of Philadelphia, has published in the "Proceedings" of that body some highly interesting observations on the habits of *Formica rufa*, from which it appears that these ants have in their separate communities regular provision made whereby the

Workers are fed without having to quit the scene of their labors. The foragers of a community, as they come down the tree-trunks, their abdomens swollen with honeydew—in which condition they are called by the author *replete*—are arrested near the foot by workers from the hill seeking food. The *replete* rears upon her hind-legs, and places her mouth to the mouth of a hungry worker or "pensioner," as the author calls him, who assumes the same posture. Often

two, sometimes three pensioners are thused at once by one *repêche*. The latter commonly yields the honey-dew complacently, but sometimes she is seized and arrested by the pensioner, occasionally with great vigor. The author described a number of experiments leading to the conclusion that there was complete amity between the ants of a district embracing some 1,000 hills, and countless millions of creatures. Insects from hills widely separated always fraternized.

ized completely when transferred. It was found, however, that ants immersed in water, when replaced upon the hills, are invariably attacked as enemies; the assailants being immersed were themselves in turn assaulted. Experiments indicate that the bath temporarily destroys the peculiar odor or other property by which the insects recognize their fellows.—*Popular Science Monthly*.

GOOD AND BAD.—Young man, don't forget that all the people are watching you, and most of them are more ready to charge you account with something bad than something good.

When the practice of Quakish charlatans to manufacture worthless nostrums and attempt to dupe the ignorant and credulous by recommending their cure by every form of advertisement is so rampant, it is not surprising that it is no wonder that many have acquired prejudices against all advertised remedies. But Dr. Pierce does not advertise his standard preparations as "cure-alls," does not claim that they will perform miracles, but simply publishes the fact that they have cured thousands of cases of disease, and for which he recommends them, after having tested their efficacy in many hun-

reduced cases with the most gratifying success. It is a fact known to every well-informed physician that many single remedies possess several different properties. Quinine, for example, is a tonic, a febrifuge, and a tonic in cases of debility; an anti-perisodic, which it is efficacious in ague; and a febrifuge property, which renders it efficacious in cases of fever. The result of its administration will also vary with the quantity given and the circumstances under which it is administered. So, likewise, is an antipyretic, a tonic, and a tonic in cases of debility, both peroral and alternate, or blood-cleansing properties of the high-

order. By reason of these two prominent properties it cures two classes of diseases: first, those of the respiratory organs, as bronchitis, bronchial, and lung affections, chronic coughs, and asthma; and second, diseases of the liver, gall bladder, and intestines, in which affections all skillful physicians employ alteratives, as in cases of blotches, eruptions, alopecia, swellings, tumors, abscesses, and in scorpions of the liver or "biliousness." While its use is, by its combination of properties, suggestive of pulmonary emulsion, you may need not take it in that form, as you may use it in any form, as a liquid, or as a powder, or as a pill, or as a capsule, or as a lozenge, if you

recommended as blood medicine would be
proprietor advise you to take it expecting it
cure cancer. It will not perform miracle,
but it will cure many grave forms of disease.

CHAPTER 1

CHAPTER 11.



great imitation of the real gold lace: silk is

poor imitation of the real gold lace; silk is soft and floppy, and its lustre isn't at all like gold. It seems a pity to cut off such beautiful hair, though!"

Madame De Capuchon was very gracious because she was so pleased with the prospect of having what she desired. She was a handsome, stately woman, and was to ap-

near at the festival as a queen of its golden time, and a quantity of gold lace was indispensable in the getting-up of such a costume.

the money to pay for Saturday night, and said her poor old grandmother were to be turned into the street. Goldnetto was very pretty and dainty, and she told a story in such a winning, homely way, that the lady was very much interested in her.

"You like to come and live at the chateau, Robinette? I know that you have exquisite taste, and skillful fingers; and if you will, you may come as an assistant to my maid. I will pay you good wages, and there's a nice little room all ready for you in the west wing."

"But grandmama?" said Robinette. "I couldn't leave her, you know."

Madame De Capuchon hesitated a little, then said that she might come too, as Robinette assured her that she was a quiet old woman, and rarely stirred from her chair in the corner, and she would not be in the way.

"I will pay you for the lace, now," said Madame, "that you may settle with your

truel landed at once; and you may come here as early as you please in the morning—the earlier the better; I am so afraid you won't be able to weave all the lace I want before the day of the festival."

It was long past sunset when Hobsonie set out on her way home again. The moon

was just being, like a silver lamp, in the sky, and a nightingale was singing in the rose-garden that blossomed under the gray towers of the chateau. And she thought that the beautiful gray ladies she had seen at the chateau, and the moonlight, and the roses, could not be a reality, but all a dream.

It was like a story from the "Arabian Nights." And to think that the chateau was to be her home for the future! She was willing to give up her marigolds and pansies for all those great rose-gardens. They would be hers as much as any one's else, she lived at the chateau. She could have them

Grandmamma was pleased, too, when she heard the story, though she was attached to her corner, and dreaded the change even though it were for the better. And great

Madame De Capuchon never regretted that she had taken the little lace-maker into her employ; for *Hobinette* was always

grateful, and faithful, and industrious, and her taste and skill were remarkable. But she did not regret, sorely, that she would leave her one day to become the wife of one of the richest young farmers in the country, though she gave her many fine presents, and made a gay holiday of her wedding.

And Robinette looked like a fairy bride, she was so wee and sparkling, and was as happy as one could be; for her husband was as good and generous as he was rich, and grandmamma was perfectly satisfied that she did not marry Monsieur Lubin, after all.

THE HOUSEKEEPER.

TO BOIL POTATOES—Peel the potatoes

very thin and let them lie in cold water an hour or longer. Some potatoes are best put on in cold water (old potatoes especially), and there are nicest if dropped into boiling water. Put some salt in the water, a tablespoonful for each dozen potatoes, and cook till done.

TO MAKE A LARGE FISH WHOLE.—Cut off the head and split the fish down nearly to the tail; prepare a nice dressing of bread, butter, pepper, and salt, moistened with a little water. Fill the fish with this dressing, and

and tie it together with a fine cotton cord or tape, so as to confine it, the bindings may be three inches apart, lay the fish on a grate, on a bake pan, or a dripping pan, and pour round it a tin of water and melted butter. Baste frequently. A good-sized fish will bake in an hour. Serve with the gravy of the fish, drawn butter or oyster sauce.

peeled potatoes, put together in cold water and boil till the potatoes are thoroughly cooked; remove from fire and drain off all the water; mash with potato masher; add a piece of butter the size of an egg, two well-beaten eggs and a little water; mix well with a wooden spoon; have a frying-pan with butter (or lard) sizzling, into which drop

AN APPLE MERINGUE.—This is a delicate, quite showy dish, easy to make, and good when it is done. It needs good apples, that is, those with a sprightly flavor, pure, quarter, slice, and stew in herbaceous flavor.

mailed sauce pan, with sugar to taste, and a little cinnamon, as soon as the apples are one through, having kept the quarters as whole as possible, turn them into a pudding-bag, being careful not to break them up. While the apples are cooking, get the meringue ready. For a moderate sized dish, use the whites of four eggs, beaten to a firm froth, and ounces of sugar, and flavor with lemon,

TO ROAST THE MEAT Spread this over the apples in the dish, set the dish in the oven, and bake until the surface is well and evenly browned. Serve hot for dessert, but some prefer to let it get cold and eat with cream.

...most, cut into a flat oval shape, and use a sharp knife to cut out the center, leaving a hole about 2 inches in diameter. This will make the bread easy to eat, and most suitable for a small family. And, if you wish to remove the bone, roll the meat into a round shape, and the securely with a stout string; then, before sending it to the table, you can remove the string and insert one of two steel skewers. Before placing the meat to roast, dredge all over with flour, seasoned with salt; then place it upon a grate in your dripping pan and let it in a

very hot oven, bake frequently. If the meat is very fat you will need no water in your pan. If not, you had better pour a small cup of boiling water into the pan after it has been in the oven fifteen minutes. A piece weighing eight or nine pounds will cook in an hour. That is, if you like your meat rare. Remove the meat when done to a heated dish, drain the drippings, add a little boiling water

FOR WOUNDS.—A correspondent on an exchange says: "A few weeks since as I was driving in an open wagon, my horse took fright and the bit broke, so I was entirely at the mercy of circumstances. I was thrown out of the wagon, my face severely cut and

atched and my body badly bruised. I insisted on waiting home so as to keep my blood in vigorous circulation, and not allow my fall and bruises to stiffen me. On my arrival at home I had the glue pot on the stove, and after washing my wounds carefully covered them with old linen on which the glue had been spread. All pain ceased from the moment of the application, and in an hour

On the time of the accident I was at my work again. The wounds healed without any scar, and were not disturbed in any way. As fast as they got well and the linen peeled up, I cut it off with scissors. For many years I have tried the virtue of glue in slight abrasions, but this lost of its value as a healing application I thought worth giving to your readers."



March 17, 1917.

"Free!" he cried, when they were out of sight. "Free, oh, my darling to claim you and keep you forever," and he stretched his hands as if to clasp some invisible being to his breast. "Free," but a murderer, and as the thought of all that had, and was, and might be, shivered and fell upon a chair, white to the lips. He saw what he had done now. Such a fearful price for freedom.

She was walking up and down the avenue in the fading light of the winter day. Her face was full of the beauty it held when it fascinated John Danvers. But the soul had not come into it yet.

A step on the snow started her. She turned and saw John Danvers beside her. "You here," she cried, and there was no warm eagerness of love in her voice, no glad welcome.

"Yes, darling," he answered and stretched out his hands towards her, his face full of the love which had urged him to do what he had done. "You said you would wait for me a life time, if I need be. You need wait no longer."

"I don't know what you mean," she said coolly.

He turned pale. The meeting was so different from that of his fancy had drawn that he felt chilled and numb.

"She is dead," he said. "There is nothing between us now."

The woman who had told him she would wait a life time, laughed a low, mocking laugh.

"Were you so much in earnest that you thought I must be?" she asked. "I am sorry if you were."

"My God, Isabel!" he cried, "don't torture me. If you only knew what I had done for your sake!"

"I don't wish to torture you," she said. "I want you to understand the case fully. It seems you have deceived yourself. I am as much to you now as I ever can be, or do you believe everything you hear, any more than you mean all you say? We had a pleasant summer, and when the summer ended, our pleasures ended with it. I want you to understand me. I was not in sober earnest if I told you any pretty little nonsense about waiting a life time. Men and women tell each other that very often nowadays, and forget it a week later."

"And you mean that you do not love me?" she asked. "That you deceived me?" he cried, his eyes full of an awful fear.

"Yes, if you were foolish enough to be deceived by anything I say, I have said about caring for you. My husband is coming. Perhaps we had better end this interview. I am sorry for you if you were so much in earnest as you seem to have been. If such sympathy is any use to you, let me welcome to it. But I advise you to be careful in the future about putting too much confidence in what the women tell you who flirts with you. Good evening, sir," and with a smiling bow, she was gone.

He sat down upon a stone and sat there for a long time; when he got up his face was like that of an old man.

"And it was for this!" he said, brokenly, as he went slowly down the avenue. "My God! It was for this!"

AN EDITOR'S MISTAKE.

The struggle for supremacy between the London Chronicle and the Times had lasted for some years, when, if we may put faith in Dr. Mackay, an incident occurred, which, if the Chronicle had taken advantage of it, might perhaps have given it the superiority. The dispute between Great Britain and the United States respecting the boundary at its height, and the money-market was sensitive, unfortunately, the Americans should prove so unreasonable as to render a war inevitable; the President's message was consequently looked for with more than usual anxiety, and speculation was eager to know whether the United States would be peaceful or hostile. One December night—or rather morning, for it was an hour and a half past midnight—Mr. Black was shut up in his room, putting the last touches to his leader for the next day. Mackay was asleep in another room, waiting for the last lines of copy, so that the paper might be made up when the night-porter announced that a gentleman was below, desiring to see the editor on urgent business, which would not admit of a moment's delay. When shown up to Mackay's room, he said that he was just from New York; the steamer by which he was a passenger had stopped for four hours at Queens-town, and he had jumped on board one which was on the point of starting for Liverpool. There he had engaged a special train, for which he had paid eighty guineas; and here he was with a copy of the New York Herald in his pocket containing the President's message, which was at the service of the Morning Chronicle for the sum of five hundred pounds. Mackay hurried to Black with the news. The editor was greatly excited. "What am I to do?" he said. "It is a large sum. Ask the gentleman to wait ten minutes while I think it over." The gentleman refused. "I can't wait ten minutes with me, I must do business somewhere else; but I like the politics of the Chronicle, and give it the first offer. But, as I am weary and thirsty, I will go to Short's tavern next door and wait five minutes, while I have a glass of brandy and water. No other minute can I spare." Black paced up and down the room, speaking by fits and starts: "I am afraid I shall be blamed by the proprietors if I agree to pay so large a sum. But, after all, it would be well worth five hundred pounds to have the message exclusively. No! I am afraid we cannot do it. It would be hard upon me to have my bargain repudiated. If MacGillivray were sole proprietor, I risk it, but I don't. What shall I do?" "Risk it," said Mackay. At that moment the stranger was shown up, and produced the New York Herald with the message ten or twelve columns long. At the last moment Black declined the offer. The stranger folded up his paper, and with a curt "Good-night," disappeared. Two minutes later, Black sent Mackay to run after the man and bring him back. He was just in time to see him jump into a cab and drive off in the direction of the Times office. There was no other cab on the stand, and it was useless to follow him on foot. Next morning the Times contained the message in full; and Black acknowledged that it would have been better for the Chronicle to have paid a thousand pounds than to allow its rival to gain such an advantage over it.—Appleton's Journal.

BOOKS.—Except a living man there is nothing more wonderful than a book. A message to us from the dead—from human souls we never saw, who lived, perhaps, thousands of miles away. And yet these, in these little sheets of paper, speak to us, arouse us, teach us, comfort us, open their hearts to us as brothers.

SACRED THINGS.—There are a thousand things occurring in life which it were impertinence to share with another, because they are things which, whether trifling or important, are so only in relation to ourselves.

POESY BY

BY MEDORA CLARE.

It was a perfect, calm, autumnal night. The soft air resolute of sweet perfume. Of ripening fruit and golden garnered grain. And crimson leaves amid the later blooms.

We stood together in the falling dusk. This clear, still night would end the summer hours. Would crush the tenderness from our young life. And leave its blight upon the summer flower.

Would still the streamlet on the mountain side. And fringes with feathered rime, the forest Would fill the moaning pine with sweet refrain. The mournful music of the midnight breeze.

We were together, for the time had come. Which was to part, forever, from me. Above were groups of stars, below us surged The solemn, mournful beauty of the sea.

Your perfect eyes, so full of yearning love, Met mine that hour, amid the evening gloom; My lips were cold and breathed a mute farewell.

My face, you said, was like some pallid bloom. No white and seeming cold the half-moon rose. And the starlit vault of purple sky. It drifted 'neath the curtain of cloud.

One moment, while we kissed and said "Good-bye." Since then, the three long years have passed. No other lips have ever touched mine own. No hand has lingered in a fond caress. Within my clasp. My heart is mine alone.

A sacred friendship I have kept for you. Three all these years, and nothing more. The saddest that has ever graced my life. And sweet with memories of days of yore.

OLD MONEYBAGS' WILL.

BY MARY MARBURY.

"What a time it is since you were here, Mrs. Marbury; and how fresh you look!" exclaimed Mrs. Chappell, while I shook hands with her over the counter one day in the early part of August. "Wherever have you been so long? I should say into the country for your appearance."

I could not reciprocate the compliment, for I thought she looked faded and jaded; but it might be with the heat—so I simply answered her question. "Well, I have been into the country, it is true, but not amongst green fields and smiling hedgerows. I have been into the 'Black Country'; black with coal, and slag, and cinder-heaps, and a smoke; and fiery-red at night with the glow from roaring furnaces. So you see I have not been picking up my fresh looks where children pick up daisies. No, I have been helping to right a great wrong; and perhaps my inward satisfaction may have smoothed away a few outward wrinkles."

"Indeed!" ejaculated Mrs. Chappell, bending forward with a look of eager inquiry; "I hope it is not a secret?"

"No, just the reverse," I replied, sitting down on a shop-chair. "I have discovered and ended myself of a secret which has loaded my mind for many years. I have not kept it willingly; but the time had not come for me to speak."

"It is about ten years ago, when I followed my calling in Wiltshire and Wales, I was sent for somewhat hastily to attend an old fellow—I cannot call him a gentleman, though he was rich enough—who lived in a solitary square house away from the high-road, and was supposed to be dying."

"I had often seen old Weston, or 'Old Moneybags' as he was called, walking about and talking to the locksmiths and nail-makers, men and women both; and it was from one of the latter Amazons, whose head I was plastering over a free fight with a rival of the hammer, that I had heard what little I knew of him."

"There goes old Moneybags after his rents. They say he's a mint of money in 'his bank, an' lots o' houses; an' it'll a' fa' to his grandchild, a lad no bigger nor eaver Sam. Look at his gold stick, an' his nob-but a Wiltshire locksmith when of old we'd; but that's more nor forty year sin'!"

"She then went on to tell me that Jim Weston had invented a new kind of lock, and, taking but a patent for his invention, had thereby amassed a fortune, and it would all fall to a boy who had put other folk's noses out; though to be sure, who had a better right than his own grandchild? Jim Weston had turned his back upon his daughter for marrying John Dudley, a Wiltshire spur-maker, without a penny, just as his father was beginning to make his way in the world, and thought his money and her pretty face together might procure her a gentleman for her husband."

"He set his face against the young couple, and never relented till after she was a widow, or quite forgave him until he found little Jim sobbing beside his dead mother's coffin, in a miserable garret, in a grimy neighborhood. Then he buried her grandly, and put a fine monument over her—a sort of broken pillar—taking the boy home to his big house, and engaging masters to give him a good education, of which he had felt the want."

"There were two people, however, who did not take kindly to this arrangement, and these were Keturah and John Bromley, his elder sister's son and daughter, who had done their best to wriggle into his good graces; and though he had shown no other marks of favor than getting the latter into an attorney's office (he was articles on a £20 stamp) and putting Keturah into a small shop in Wiltshire, these two looked upon themselves as the rightful heirs to their rich uncle's property, real and personal, and it was more than suspected, had kept open the breach between the father and daughter to make assurance doubly sure."

"This was the gist of broken-headed Bet's communications, Mrs. Chappell, but I had ample opportunity to confirm their truth afterwards, when I came into daily intercourse with them all."

"He had keen eyes, this old Moneybags—eyes, Mrs. Chappell, that seemed to search one through. I know I used to think so, when, after a time he began to stop me and ask me how my patients were getting on; and many a time—for he was not a bad sort, you must know—he has slipped a couple of half-crowns, or even half-a-sovereign, into my hand, and told me those were the pills he prescribed when he took to the healing art. Then he would chuckle, and ask his grandson how he would like to be a doctor of the same sort when he grew a man, and prescribe silver pills and gold ointment; and when the boy laughed at the conceit he would press the small hand, and go on his way rejoicing."

"Of course I said I should be glad to do my best on such an occasion, but I hoped there would be no need of me yet awhile."

"Then the youth, who was between eleven and twelve, and had evidently been pander-

ing his grandfather's question, looked up with a vague trouble in his innocent eyes, and inquired, in a sort of perplexity, "But who would choose you off for your moneybags, grandfather? You don't think any of the people would hurt you, do you, grandfather?"

"Can't tell, my lad; gold's a great temptation. But so long as they don't choke thee off too, all's right."

"But who are they?" persisted James Dudley, taking the jest in his earnestness, and creeping closer as he spoke. "You're not afraid of robbers, are you, grandfather?"

"I did not hear the end of the conversation, for I went on my way; but I heard old Weston's sly chuckle as I turned the corner."

"That was in March, Mrs. Chappell, and sure enough, the last week in May, James Dudley came running to my poor lodgings, white-faced and breathless. Mr. Weston had fallen in a fit; would I go back with him?"

"I held it the duty of a nurse to keep herself in readiness night or day; so no more time was lost than would carry us over the mile or so of dusty road. A few hawthorns scented the air as we approached the house, and a doctor's brougham from Wallisford stood at the gate."

"We found the whole house in confusion, and the old man lying on a sofa, breathing heavily, and speechless; the doctor feeling his pulse."

"If Dr. Hill went away, Mr. Weston had recovered so far as to justify removal to his own bed and undressing, though he still remained in a critical state."

"This bed was a heavy and peculiar piece of furniture, evidently built to fit into a recess in the wall of the room opposite to the windows. The door opened on to a square landing, and was one of five, two rooms being on each side, the fifth door opening to a sort of dressing room, which had a second door to the chamber."

"The next day he was better; and he was quite touching to see how he stroked the head of his attentive grandson, and called him a 'good boy,' and bade him take care to become a good man also."

"That night brought into the house his two other relatives, hitherto in their emotional manifestations."

"Having once got foot-hold in their uncle's house, they never left it. Keturah, the most obsequious and attentive of nieces, took the household reins in her hands at once, and had it not been for me, I think, have got rid of me."

"Job, though long out of his articles, was still a clerk and tied to the solicitor's office; but he obtained frequent leave of absence, and gave his 'dear good uncle' the full benefit of it, not much to the sick man's solace."

"Gradually I perceived they endeavored to warp the invalid's mind against his grandson, and not finding that avail, kept the boy out of the room, saying grandfather wished it; telling the old man the youth was playing or idling, or perhaps his inward satisfaction for a long relative near death."

"At last I became sensible that the old man was sinking fast, and daily grew more submissive to his nephew and niece, who were urging upon him the necessity of making his will. His speech was imperfect, but at last he seemed to yield, and from my room, where they thought me asleep, I overheard them suggest a form of will, and saw him nod assent. This puzzled me, for the terms were all in favor of the orphan grandchild."

"During that very day, I was startled on entering the room to find the feeble old man out of the bed, and making superhuman efforts to pull it from the recess. I thought his brain was touched, for his keen eyes looked into mine, and I heard him say: 'Will, will, I got him back into bed, and cried to the him, Keturah came up, and he was still moaning: 'Will, will.'"

"Dear uncle, Job will have it ready this evening," said she with affected tenderness; but he looked from her to me, and still said, 'Will.'"

"It was plain James Weston would not be old Moneybags much longer, and Dr. Hill bade us prepare for the final change."

"Job Bromley had prepared. That evening I had gone down-stairs to get my supper, leaving Keturah in the room, when the lawyer's clerk came home with a sordid-looking companion."

"He went up into the sick-chamber, and something impelled me to follow. My list slippers were noiseless; I crept into the little dressing-room, the door of which was ajar. I saw a parchment produced, and a pen, and the old man raised to sign. I thought also I heard a distinct 'No, no,' and then he fell back—dead."

"It's no use, Job; he's gone, and his moneybags with him; you've left it too late—just like you, 'cried Keturah in a temper. 'There was a blue-bottle fly buzzing in the window—it was the middle of August. 'Stop,' said the stranger, 'let me catch that blue-bottle; and after some dodging he caught it, and for what do you suppose, Mrs. Chappell? He put the fly in the mouth of the dead man, and held it shut, saying as he did so: 'Now put the pen in his hand and guide it, and we can swear he signed it while there was life in him.'"

"I shrank with horror as I saw this villainy perpetrated, and the other man's signature affixed, whilst the fly released went buzzing over the room, and then bella rang, and a great wall went through the house; but the young one who fled to me for comfort, and sobbed upon my shoulder, was the only true mourner."

"The funeral came and the will was read. James Dudley had not been wholly excluded; they had been too cunning for that; but the will set forth that his mother had offended in her marriage, and that he, James Weston, had taken an oath to disinherit her offspring. The testator, however, left a charge upon his heirs and executors, his beloved nephew and niece, to educate his grandson James, and article him to a solicitor, as he had himself been aided, with a small sum for maintenance till the youth was twenty-one, when he was to have £50, and no more."

"I told Dr. Hill that I was sure the pen was put in a dead man's hand, but he said it was preposterous, and bade me hold my tongue. I was dismissed, and being myself afraid of any publicity of my own name, I weakly let the matter drop, stifling conscience with the thought that it was no business of mine."

"Then my own cares drove all others out of my mind. I came to London, where I soon got a good connection, and began to save money. At last it came to my ears that the Bromleys were purse-proud and arrogant, and had not even fulfilled the provisions of the sham will for poor James Dudley. My conscience stung me; I felt as if I had been a partner in the fraud to rob the orphan of his patrimony, and I went to a magistrate for advice."

"He gave me a hearing, and then referred me to a respectable solicitor, who took the matter in hand."

"To make a long story short, James Dudley was looked up, criminal proceedings were threatened against the Bromleys, a search warrant obtained, and in the recess behind the bed another will was found, properly drawn up and attested, in which old Moneybags left to his nephew only the money he had already defrauded him of—as

witness several forged cheques enclosed with the will. Of course the latter will would have set this aside, had it been genuine. That it was not, was proved by the abrupt flight of the Bromleys, and the confession of their fellow conspirator, who was brought to book."

"James Dudley is now a rich man, and if he does not make good use of his wealth, Mrs. Chappell, never trust the discernment of Mary Marbury."

THE GOLDSMITH OF NUREMBERG.

On a beautiful day in October, 1498, a large number of persons, under the influence of idleness, curiosity, or some better motive, had assembled opposite the hotel de Ville, of Nuremberg, attracted apparently by a placard affixed to one of its pillars, which bore the following announcement:

"Joseph Durer, goldsmith, of this city, acquiescing his fellow-citizens that he will sell, this afternoon, at his shop on the Place de l'Hochberg, sell by auction all the works of art in gold and silver that he possesses, and which are too numerous to be detailed—the sale will commence at four o'clock precisely."

"What!" exclaimed one of the bystanders, who had just arrived, and who, from the style and magnificence of his attire, was apparently a person of some distinction; "what! the rich goldsmith Durer selling off all his celebrated works of art! What can have reduced him to such an extremity?"

"You are evidently a stranger, sir," replied a citizen to whom the question had been addressed, "or you would have known that Joseph Durer has made the greatest sacrifice to sustain his son-in-law, who was a short time since considered one of the principal merchants of Nuremberg, but who has lately fled, leaving behind him debts to a considerable amount. It is to meet this disaster, to save the honor of his pure children, and to preserve their names pure and unblemished, that this worthy man is now about to part with these beautiful works that were the pride and delight of his old age—of those masterpieces the possession of which has, so to say, identified him with his very existence. Such noble and disinterested conduct has called forth a general feeling of respect and sympathy from his fellow-citizens, and has done much to remove a prejudice which existed against him, in consequence of an event which occurred some years since."

"May I, without being deemed indiscreet, ask to what you allude?" said the stranger. "You must know, sir, that Joseph Durer had three sons and a daughter; the daughter he gave in marriage, with a large fortune, to the Lubeck merchant of whom I just spoke; his two other sons he, by the sacrifice of enormous sums of money, succeeded in securing appointments for at the Courts of Bavaria and Weimar, where their progress was so rapid that they soon learned to despise their plebeian father, and contrived to exchange his humble name for titles of nobility."

"And the youngest son—what became of him?" "Albert, poor fellow!" replied the citizen. "Albert wished to become a painter; his father, however, refused to gratify this desire, wishing that the lad should follow his own calling of goldsmith, and threatened that if he did not he should be turned into the streets—in fact, behaved so unkindly to the poor boy, that one day he fled from home and has never again been heard of. Many years have since passed; but so general a favorite was poor Albert, that even now his loss is remembered, and reproaches are still uttered against his father for the ill-treatment that caused the departure and perhaps the death of his youngest boy. Poor Albert!"

"At this moment the clock struck four; the goldsmith's warehouses were thrown open, and the crowd rushed in, to examine and to admire the costly articles that were submitted to their curious inspection."

"The sale began—massive dishes, ewers, and flagons of silver and gold were first offered—then came the more precious wares, the masterpieces of the craft—chalices exquisitely carved, Gothic temples enriched with traceries of marvellous delicacy and fineness, jewelled shrines with sculptural subjects in relief of admirable perfection."

"So long as the more commonplace though costly things only were offered for sale, the goldsmith sat quietly and calmly at the back of his shop; but when he heard the masterpieces of his skill named, and their worth and excellence extolled in the hackneyed terms of praise, usual on such occasions, he could no longer maintain his attitude of resignation; but, hastily rising, as if under the influence of some invisible power, he hovered round the various articles that were offered, with all the anxiety of a parent round the cradle of his offspring."

"The crowd now announced for sale six statues in gold and silver, from the antique. 'A thousand ducats,' said a voice. 'A thousand and fifty,' said another. 'Eleven hundred,' exclaimed the first. There was no higher bidding, and the statues were sold."

"The old goldsmith breathed heavily; his fingers were white as his venerable locks, and a convulsed movement agitated every limb. He nevertheless persisted in remaining near the official whose duty it was to register the purchases made. When all was sold, the poor old man looked around him with a feeling of loss—the fatal moment had arrived when the purchasers were to bear away all those rich productions of his art which had so long surrounded him—those household gods which were to him part and parcel of his own life."

"Let the purchasers of the last twenty-three lots come forward," called out the official registrar. "They were all bought by one person," exclaimed a voice in reply. "Let him come forward, then, and state his name."

"At these words, a young cavalier of some six or seven, and twenty years of age, and whose handsome features bore the stamp of intellectuality and mildness, stepped forward. He was richly dressed, and beneath an embroidered mantle, which was artistically and gracefully thrown over him, might be seen a massive chain of gold, that hung round his neck, and from which was suspended a miniature portrait, set in diamonds, of the Emperor Maximilian. His hat was looped up in front, and his flowing curls, redolent of perfume, fell upon a collar of rich lace."

"Here is the amount of my purchases," said, in a tremulous voice, the young stranger; "be pleased to verify its correctness."

"The sum was found exact, and the official then requested the name of the buyer, in order that it might be inscribed in the register. Meanwhile, the goldsmith, more and more agitated with the anxiety of despair the removal of the treasures no longer his."

"Write," said the young stranger, in faltering accents, "write Albert Durer."

"At this name the old man sprang up with the energy of boyhood, and in an instant

was locked in embrace of his son. "Albert!" he exclaimed—"my poor Albert! it is indeed you that I see—you that I hold to my heart! My poor boy! and you have not then forgotten your old father—and you have forgiven him?"

"Forgiven you, my dear father," replied the youth, kneeling; "it is I who have to solicit forgiveness for my disobedience to your wishes and commands."

"All is forgotten, all is pardoned, my dear Albert. At such a moment can I think of anything else than your return, and of the happiness restored to me?"

"And that happiness will be increased, sir," said a stranger, who now approached, and whose dress bespoke him to be a man of high rank, "when you learn that your son and my friend Albert is now one of the most renowned artists of Germany—that he is not only a painter of the highest order, but one of the most skillful engravers, an architect and engineer of the greatest eminence—that he is at this moment chief painter to the Emperor Maximilian—that the Republic of Venice is anxious to engage his services, and that the King of France, Louis XII., has entreated him to proceed to Paris, to undertake the embellishment of that capital. What say you to this, worthy sir?"

"Say," exclaimed the old goldsmith, again embracing his son, "that great talents are rarely unaccompanied by a noble heart; and that my Albert is a proof that the man of genius and the man of worth may, and ever should be, one and the same."

SERVES CHINA.

It is generally known that the manufacture of the Sevres porcelain is a government monopoly, and has been so since 1700, at which time Louis XV bought the establishment of the company. From that time to the present, it has always been directly under the control of the French king, consul, emperor, or government of the time, and its superintendence confided to the most eminent scientific men of France, many of the ablest artists of the country being constantly employed in its decoration."

In the destruction and havoc made in the royal palaces of France, and in the chateaux of the nobility at the Revolution, a great quantity of this valuable porcelain was broken, and, perhaps, the finest specimens were transported to foreign countries. The various masks and monograms, as well as the dates of every period of the manufacture, are on the porcelain. For instance, from 1700 to 1790, the crown, or fleur-de-lis, denotes that the piece was made for royal use. Revolutionary France, in 1790, substituted for the royal cipher the letters "R. F." (*République Française*), and numbers 174, 175 and 176. These three were used from 1792 to 1800, but always with Sevres (M. 177) underneath. At the end of 1796, or the beginning of 1800, the Republican monogram was disused, and Sevres (M. 177) only added until the end of 1802. M. 178 belongs to the consular period, and began 1803. It was succeeded in red. The empire, from 1804 to 1806 (M. 179); in 1810 the imperial eagle in red (M. 180), until the abdication in 1814.

Louis XVIII., at the restoration, replaced the royal cipher, with the fleur-de-lis and Sevres, with the date in the centre (M. 181). Charles X. affixed, from 1824 to 1830, the G. in double cipher (M. 182), with trifling variations; and from 1830 to 1830 the mark was simply C., with a crown for white and gold (M. 183), and a double CC., with the crown, for the decorated pieces.

Louis Philippe, in 1830, had the fleur-de-lis, with Sevres underneath. From 1831 to 1834 a double triangle and Sevres within a circle. And from that period he affixed his own cipher (M. 184) was first used, applied in chrome, and in white porcelain, the decorated salt receiving M. 184. After the Revolution, (M. 186) in the chrome was adopted for the white, which mark continues to the present time."

The principal and best known kinds are the white and gold, chiefly used in large sets for royal use and presents; the *bleu de roi*, or dark blue, for smaller sets and fancy sets; the *bleu de turquise*, or light blue, also for smaller sets and fancy pieces. There are other colors, some of them very beautiful and rare; but the above are the most useful and best known."

VARIETIES OF MUSIC.

The Islanders of the Pacific Ocean use flutes made of bamboo, about a foot long, held like our German flutes, but blown through the nose. Their drum, the *Adam* of all musical instruments, is a hollow block of wood, of a cylindrical form, solid at one end and covered at the other with shark's skin; for want of drum sticks, they beat time upon it with their hands. The inhabitants of the Tonga Islands appear to have made a few advances in music, vocal as well as instrumental; and it is somewhat curious to remark that they sing a species of lament over the corpses previous to interment, like the Irish of our present day. The Indians of Chile use flutes, but they rejected the bamboo; and, like the early Greeks, they used the tibia or shin-bone of animals, but those made from the bones of their enemies, slain in battle, were most valued. The Brazilian Indians also used the same species of horrible music. In all uncivilized nations we find that wind and percussion instruments were found; stringed instruments but rarely being the result of some progress towards refinement and all their airs and melodies are of the wildest and rudest character. The regions of Africa appear to be more advanced in music though still so uncivilized; and though it might have been imagined that traces of music handed down from Egypt and Ethiopia might still be found among them, not a trace remains of the proficiency of the ancients in the art."

The Clipper, butter and cheese factory, near Meadville, Crawford county, Pa., was in operation six months, opening May 1 and closing October 30. There were received 883,041 pounds of milk, from which were made 76,154 pounds of cheese and 7,104 pounds of butter. According to its cash statement, it netted the patrons 114 cents per hundredweight of milk.

In order to check the patronage of opium dens by whites of both sexes, the Board of Supervisors of San Francisco, has passed a law imposing a fine of not less than \$50, nor more than \$500, upon any keeper who permits a white person to smoke in his place, whether in a criminal act for a white person to be found in a den, and threatening a fine of not less than \$50 thereof.

ANN O'Brien and her husband William were arrested on a charge of drunkenness. They admitted the truth of the accusation, but, with tears in her eyes, Ann asked that only one of them be committed, that the other could take charge of the children. "Then," said the Court, "suppose I commit you?" "Thank your Honor, I'm satisfied, I don't care." The Court suspended sentence on both.

PRESIDENT Hayes has nominated the following as his cabinet: Secretary of State, William M. Evans, New York; Secretary of Treasury, John Sherman, Ohio; Secretary of War, George W. McCrary, Iowa; Secretary of Navy, Richard W. Thompson, Indiana; Secretary of Interior, John Schurz, Missouri; Attorney General, Charles D. Evans, Mass.; Postmaster General, David M. Key, Tenn.

When the time came for unmasking at a private masquerade party near Troy, one of the young lady guests would not remove her mask until the order was issued upon. When she did obey, it was seen that she was just recovered from an attack of small pox. Since the party, the small-pox has been widely scattered over West Troy and Fort Schuyler, and no less than forty persons are now suffering from this loathsome disease.

THE WORST COUGHS are cured by Dr. Jaxon's expectorant, a good remedy also for Pain in the Breast, and Soreness of the Throat.

TWO THIRDS of all the housekeepers in this country are suffering an incredible amount of discomfort by down draft in their kitchen chimneys. The Spiral Draft Chimney Regulator will cure it. Send stamp for circular. COLFORD & CO., 728 Sanson street, Philadelphia, Pa.

THE—He who gains the victory over great insult is often overpowered by the smallest; so it is with our sorrows.

NEWS NOTES.

The Japanese are now manufacturing waterproofs of paper.

In 1870 there were 1,363,311 barrels of crude oil refined in Pittsburgh.

SPEAKER RANDALL has prohibited smoking in the House of Representatives.

BISHOP HAYES presided over the recent Methodist conference at Montevia, Liberia.

The Allentown rolling mill has received a large order from Europe for bolts, nuts and washers.

Mrs. HARRICA ANDERSON, aged 112, was baptized by immersion in a Brooklyn church last Sunday.

The Phoenix Iron Company has received an order from Canada for thirty-five hundred tons of bridge iron.

A MISS FORBES, a North Carolina bride, dropped dead from heart disease in the middle of the ceremony on night last week.

The Knights of Pythias are stronger in this State than anywhere else in the Union. They have 450 lodges and 40,000 members.

ROBERT T. LINCOLN, the eldest son of the late President Lincoln, has been appointed one of the Railroad Commissioners of Illinois.

The Alhambra Mirror says that several engineers and firemen took an oath before an alderman of that city not to drink anything intoxicating for six months.

THE SINGER'S PRIZE.

The tall house towers grimly,
 Dominated by smoke and rain,
 And the blurred sunshine dimly
 Shines on the window-pane.

Through one and through her fingers,
 And slowly fades the light,
 The girl now reads the night,
 But never from the night.

Her bright young face is sunken,
 Her hair young form is shrunken,
 The voice she hears of ever
 Rings in the room below.

And I think of the woodland shadows
 That she has never seen,
 Of the wonder of song in the meadows,
 When all the world is green.

But now the close time comes,
 The twilight hours are slow,
 The voice she hears of ever
 Rings in the room below.

The mad young poet is singing,
 With only a crust to eat,
 But a fountain of beauty is springing
 Up from the narrow street.

And whether he sings in sorrow,
 Or whether he sings in gladness,
 He hopes that the world to-morrow
 Will fit his melody.

And I think through his heart were burning
 With words no mortal man,
 The world would be turning and turning
 If he-morrow were dead.

Only, both late and early,
 The girl, as madhouse wren,
 Dreams when the voice comes clearly
 Up to her window sill.

A brave face has she found him,
 A man and frank and gay,
 And long ago has crowned him
 With myrtle wreath or bay.

A good sword clanging loudly,
 A plume on his helmet,
 A cloak that drapes him proudly,
 Such as the players wear.

No stinger in glove or sandal,
 He wears the crown of peace,
 When he brings the light of gladness
 To the dying maiden's eyes.

EDINA.

BY MRS. HENRY WOOD.

AUTHOR OF "EAST LYNNE."

(This story was commenced in No. 1, Vol. 10. Each number can always be obtained.)

CHAPTER XXXIII.—(Continued.)

Stepped to the door in the old miserable jealousy, was Mrs. Frank Raynor. All through this past year she had been nourishing it greedily. It had grown into a chronic ailment; it colored her mind by day and her dreams by night. The most provoking feature of it all was, that she could not lay hold of any tangible proof of her husband's delinquency, anything very special to make a stir of; and how intensely aggravating that deficiency is to a jealous woman, let many a one confess. That her husband did go to Mrs. Bell's frequently, was indisputable; but then, as a set-off against that, stood the fact that he went in his professional capacity. No end of pills and potions were entered to Mrs. Bell's share in the physic book, and Daisy was therefore unable to assert that the plea for his visits was a pretence. But she believed it was. Once, chance had given her an opportunity of speaking of these visits. A very serious accident happened in the street just opposite their door, through the pranks of a vicious horse. Daisy saw it from the drawing-room window; saw the injured man brought into the surgery. She ran down to the parlor in distress. Frank was not at home. The boy new one way to find him. Ever ran another; but Frank could not be found, and the poor senseless man had to be carried away elsewhere. "I'm very sorry," said Frank, when he returned, speaking rather carelessly; "I was at Mrs. Bell's."

"You appear to be pretty often there," returned Daisy, a rasping sound in her usually cold tone. "I go every two or three days," said he. And how much oftener, I wonder! thought Daisy; but she did not say it. No, there was no open offence for her to lay hold of. What Daisy looked for was to see her husband in the company of Rose. And this she could not get to see. Not once, during the whole past twelve months, had she seen them abroad together; the pleasant sight seemed specially to evade her eyes. She did not, so to say, watch Frank as at first, but she looked after him tolerably well; and she had not once been reassured by the sight of Rosaline. Had that obnoxious individual been a myth, she could not have more completely hidden herself from her neighbors and from Daisy on a week-day. On Sundays Daisy generally saw her at church; the girl sat in a pew that was within view of Mr. Max Brown's. In that pew Rosaline would be, wearing her plain silk gown, with, devout, seeming to notice nobody; had she been training for a nun, the world could not have appeared to possess less interest for her. Her black lace veil was never lifted from before her face; but it could not hide that face's beauty. Frank, when at church (which was not always), was on his good behavior and did not hesitate to follow Rosaline out. In truth, he had not the opportunity afforded him, for Rosaline seemed to glide away before anybody else stirred, and he lost to sight.

In this unsatisfactory manner the seasons had passed, Frank and his wife living in a cold, estranged atmosphere; at last, with not any other (at least she was without any acknowledged cause. On this same evening that was to witness Edina's visit, the West Indian maid had brought a letter to Frank from Mr. Max Brown. That roving individual wrote regularly once a month, all his letters being filled, more or less, with vague promises of his return. Vague, because uncertain time was ever mentioned for it. Frank called for Eve to light the lamp, and stood by the fire in the little parlor while he read his letter. It was a general autumn letter, and very few people had taken to fever; but Daisy seemed ever to feel chilly, and liked one lighted at dusk. People who live in a chronic state of discontent, fancy discomfort sometimes where none exists.

"He says he is really coming now," Daisy, cried Frank in a broken tone as he looked over the letter. "Listen, I am now positively thinking of starting for home, and may be with you soon after the beginning of the new year. I know that you have thought my prolonged absence strange, but I will fully explain all in person. My mother is, I fear, sinking now."

Mrs. Frank Raynor made no reply or comment of any kind. For days together she would not speak to her husband, except when anything he might say absolutely demanded an answer.

"And when Brown comes, we shall have to leave," went on Frank. "You will be glad of it, I am sure."

"I don't care whether we leave or not," was the ungracious reply.

And she did not seem to care. Life, for her, had lost its sweetness. Nay, she probably would prefer, of the two, to remain where she was; if away, she could no longer look after her husband's movements.

"I shall be at liberty, once Brown is here

to take to his own practice," continued Frank; "and I will try to place you in a more genial atmosphere than this. I know you have felt it keenly, Daisy, and are feeling it still; but I have not been able to help myself."

His tone was considerably tender; he stooped unexpectedly and kissed her forehead. Daisy gave no answering kiss; she just passively endured the caress, and that was all. Frank carried his letter into the surgery, where a great portion of his home time was passed.

His thoughts were far away. Would Mr. Blase Pellet tolerate this anticipated removal of his when it came?—would he, so to say, permit it? Or, would he not rather dodge Frank's footsteps and establish himself in some other chemist's shop where he could still hold him in view? Frank felt certain that he would. Unconsciously though Frank was of his wife's supervision, he felt persuaded in his mind that he was subjected to that of Blase Pellet. It was not, in one sense of the word, an offensive supervision; for not once in three months did he and Pellet come in contact; but Frank felt always like a man chained—who can go as far as the chain allows him, though no farther. With all his heart he wished that he could better his position for Daisy's sake; had long wished it; but in his sense of thralldom he had been contented to let things go on as they were going, dreading any attempt at change. Over and over again had he felt thankful for the prolonged wanderings of Mr. Max Brown, which afforded him the necessary plea for putting up with his present lot.

Daisy sat on with her discontented face. A very pretty face yet; prettier, if anything, than of yore; with the clear eyes and their amber light, and the delicate bloom on the lovely features, and the sunny, luxuriant hair. She always dressed daintily, wishing in her secret heart, in spite of her resentment, to win her husband back. This evening she wore dark blue silk. This evening the remnants of her better days, with a bit of rich white falling lace at the throat, on which a gold locket, attached to its thin chain, rested. Very, very pretty did Edina think her when she arrived, and was brought into the room by Frank.

"You never come to see me," began Daisy with unnecessary complaint. "I might be dead and buried, for all you or anybody else would know, Edina."

"Ah no, Margaret," was Edina's answer. "Not while you have your good husband at your side. If you really needed us, he would take care that we should know it."

"All the same, everybody neglects me," returned Daisy. "I'm glad you thought of me at last."

"I came this evening for a certain purpose," said Edina, who would not urge in excuse the very little time she had to give to visiting, for Daisy must know it quite well. And she forthwith, untying her bonnet-strings, told Frank of Mr. Street's visit, of his purpose, and of their own conjectures at Laurel Cottage after the banker had departed.

"Why yes, it was I who emptied the ebony desk," said Frank. "A false bottom! I really can't believe it, Edina. Some of us would not have failed to find it out."

"We cannot doubt what Mr. Street says. He did not know of it himself, you hear, until Mr. George Atkinson spoke of it."

"If there was anything of the kind—well, yes, I suppose there must have been," said Frank. "I'm very sorry. But why in the world did not Atkinson speak of it before? When he was last in England, the hiding-place of these bonds was being hunted for, high and low—or had been hunted for, not long before."

"He says, I tell you, that he cannot imagine how it was that it did not occur to him to ask whether the desk had been searched. I should imagine," added Edina, "that he would not suppose but what the secret compartment was known, and took its search for granted. But, Frank, we cannot remedy the forgetfulness if we talk of it for ever; what I want to ascertain from you is, whether you remember where you left the desk?"

"No, that I don't. I remember turning the bills and papers out of it, and leaving it as I found it. I don't remember where it was left. As to the desk, I suppose it remained upon the table."

"You are sure you emptied it of all the papers?"

"Sure and certain," replied Frank in his usual light, gay manner. "I remember that much. I turned the desk upside down and shook the papers and afterwards passed my hand inside to be satisfied that none remained."

"Kate says she saw you do it. But she does not recollect what became of the desk."

"Neither do I recollect. Except that the desk was left in the room. I dare say it was still there when the rest of you came away."

"The great fear on our minds is, whether it was locked, and the key had been taken with the rest of the luggage. If so, it was burnt with that."

"Not likely, Edina. Nobody could pack up that desk inadvertently."

"A servant might. I expect a great deal of the packing was left to the servants."

"Sure to have been," acknowledged Frank readily.

"Well—and there it is," concluded Edina. "I think the probability is that the desk was put up by the servants and was brought away. If it had remained at Eagle's Nest, it would not do to doubt its whereabouts."

"Then I suppose they will never find the lost money as long as oak and ash grow; waiting the funds to furnish the clue to it," observed Frank. "It is a very unsatisfactory thing. George Atkinson should have remembered to speak in time."

He was called into the surgery with the last words, being wanted there. Edina began to re-tie her bonnet-strings. Daisy had picked up some croquet-wool.

"Why don't you take your bonnet off, Edina, and stay?"

"Because I must go home, dear."

"Not before you have had some supper. Not stay for it? Why can't you stay?"

"I do not like going back so late."

"I do not fear they would. But I am not London bred, you know, Margaret, and cannot quite overcome my feeling of dislike to London streets at night."

"Edina looked at her. It was not the first indication by several that Mrs. Frank Raynor had given of a spirit of discontent."

"Will you tell me what it is that is troubling you, Margaret? Something is, I know."

"Because I perceive it. I detect it every time I see you."

"Then it's nothing," returned Daisy—who would not have spoken of her jealousy for the world. "That is, anything that anybody could help or hinder."

"My dear," said Edina, bending nearer to her, her sweet voice and loving tone sounding like angelic music, "that some grievance or other is especially trying you, I think I cannot mistake. But oh, remember one thing, and take comfort. In the very brightest and happiest lot, there always is some cancer. Each rose, however lovely, must have its thorn. We ought not, in the

interest of our true welfare, to wish it otherwise. God sends the clouds, Margaret, as well as the sunshine. He will take care of you while the trouble lasts, if you only bear patiently and put yourself under His shelter; and He will bring you out of the trouble in His own good time. Trust to Him, my dear, for He is a sure refuge."

And when Edina had left, Frank walking a little way by her through the more obscure streets, Daisy burst into tears, and sobbed bitterly. The indulgence of this jealousy might be very gratifying to her temper; but it had lasted long, making her at times feel low and ill and weak.

"If God cared for me He would punish that Rosaline Bell," was her comment on Edina's words. "Lay her up with a broken leg, or something."

"I assure you, madam, it looks better as it is," she urged. "If we substitute blue flowers for these grey ones and carry the shade higher, it will take away all its style at once."

The assurance somewhat shook Mrs. Townley. If there was one thing she went in for, above all else, it was "style." But she liked to have her own way also, and depended much upon her own taste.

"Three parts of these milliners object to any suggested alteration only to save themselves trouble," she said, aside to Daisy. "Don't you think it would look best as I propose?"

"I hardly know," replied Daisy. "If we could see the alteration first, we might be able to judge."

But, to make the change, unless the bonnet was first bought, Madame Francois (her name, as it appeared on the door-plate, absolutely refused. Of course she would alter it, if Madame insisted after purchasing the bonnet; but she must again express her opinion that it would spoil the style.

The discussion was carried on with animation, Madame's native tongue being decidedly English, in spite of her name. Mrs. Townley still urged her own opinion, but was utterly refused. For she had been doubtful, and would not have risked losing the "style" for the world.

"I will call my head milliner," said Madame, at length. "Her taste is very superior. Madame will go and ask Miss Bell to step here."

Man's self—a young person, evidently French—left her place behind the counter and went into another room. Every pulse in Daisy's body seemed to go thrilling to her finger's ends when she came back with Rosaline. Quiet, self-contained, without a smile on her face to tell of any gladness of heart there might be within, Rosaline gave her opinion when the case was submitted to her. She took the bonnet in her hands, and kept it there for a minute or so, looking at it with a critical eye.

"I think, madame," she said to her mistress, "that if some grey flowers of a lighter shade were substituted for these, it would be prettier. Blue flowers spoil the bonnet. As to the side, it certainly ought not to be carried higher. It is the right height as it is."

"Then take it," and change the flowers at once, Miss Bell, said Madame, upon Mrs. Townley's hesitating comment on the suggestion. "The lady will wait—Miss Bell's taste is always to be depended upon," added Madame, as Rosaline went away with the bonnet.

"How extremely good-looking she is!" exclaimed Mrs. Townley: who had never seen Rosaline before, and of course knew nothing about her. "Quite beautiful."

"I engaged her I intended her to be in this front room and wait on customers; for beauty does attract, there's no denying it. But Miss Bell refused, point blank; she said come to be in my work-room, she said, not to serve. Had I insisted, she would have left."

"Is she respectable?"

The question was interposed by Daisy. Swelling with all kinds of resentful and bitter feelings, she had allowed her tongue to get the better of her discretion; and the next moment felt ashamed of herself. Madame Francois did not like it at all.

"Re-spect-able!" she echoed, with unnecessary deliberation. "I do not understand the question, madame."

Daisy, much to the confusion of Mrs. Townley, had also turned a surprised look upon her sister.

"Miss Bell is one of the best-conducted young persons I ever knew," pursued Madame. "Steady and quiet in manner always, as you saw her now. She is very superior indeed; quite a lady in her ways and manners. Before she came to the surgery two years ago, she had a business of her own down in Cornwall. That is, her aunt had; and Miss Bell was with her."

"She looks very superior indeed to me," said Mrs. Townley, wishing to smooth away her sister's uncalculated remark; "she has a nice tone of speech—Have you any desire to be a milliner?"

The bonnet soon reappeared; but it was not brought by Rosaline. Mrs. Townley chose some lace; paid the bill, and left. As Daisy followed her sister into the carriage, her mind in a very unpleasant whirl, she knew that that matter which had puzzled her—her never seeing her husband abroad with Rosaline—was now explained. Rosaline was at this place by day; but, she supposed, at home at night.

It was so. The reader may remember that one evening when Frank went in to see dame Bell about her case to London, she had told him that Rosaline had gone to Oxford Street on some mysterious errand; mysterious, in so far as that Rose had not disclosed to her what she went for. The fact was, that Rosaline had then gone to his very milliner's by appointment, having procured a letter of introduction to her from a house of business in Falmouth, with the view of tendering her services. For she knew that her mother's income was too small to live on comfortably, and it would be a good thing if she could increase it. Madame Bell was pleased with her appearance and satisfied with the letter she brought, engaged her at once. Rosaline had been there ever since: going up in a morning and returning home at night. The milliner had wished her to be entirely in the house, but she could not leave her mother.

On this day, as usual, Rosaline sat at her work in the back room, planning out her bonnets—that would be displayed in the window as the "latest fashion; just from Paris"—and directing the young women under her. That she had a wonderful aptitude and innate taste for the work, was recognised by

all who saw her engaged in it, and Madame Francois had specially made her the superintendent. The girl, as Madame thought, always seemed to have some grievous weight of care upon her: when questioned upon the point, Rosaline would answer that she was uneasy respecting the decaying health of her mother.

More thoughtful than usual, more buried in the inward life, for the appearance of Mrs. Frank Raynor, whom she knew by sight, had brought back old reminiscences of Trennack, Rosaline sat at her employment this day until it was completed, and the hours of labor had passed. Generally speaking she went home by omnibus, but she sometimes walked. As she did on this evening, for it was a mild and pleasant one, and somehow she felt in great need of the fresh air. So that it was tolerably late when she got in, close upon half-past nine.

The first thing to be noticed was, that her mother's chair was empty, as was the room. Rosaline passed quickly into the bed-chamber, and saw that her mother had undressed and was in bed.

"Why, mother! what's this for? Are you not well?"

"Not very," sighed the dame. "Your supper is ready for you on the table, Rose."

"Never mind my supper, mother," replied Rose, snuffing the candle, and putting two or three things to rights in the room generally, after taking off her bonnet. "Tell me what it is that's the matter with you. Do you feel worse?"

"Not much—that I know of," was the answer. "But I got weary, and thought I should be better in bed. For the past week, or more, I can't get your poor father out of my head, Rose: up or abed, he's always worrying me."

"But you know, mother, this cannot do you any good—what I have said," cried Rosaline in a stifled tone; for she had heard the same complaint once or twice lately. "What troubles me is this, child—how did he come by his death? That's the question I've wanted answered all along; and now it seems never to leave me."

Rosaline dropped her head. No one but herself knew how terribly the subject tried her.

"Blase Pellet called in at dusk for a minute or two to see how I got on," resumed Mrs. Bell. "When I told him how poor poor Bell had been haunting my mind lately, and how much the prolonged mystery of his fate seemed to press upon me, he nodded his head like a bobbing image. 'I want to know how he came by his death,' I said to him. 'I'm always wanting to know it,' he said, if I closed my eyes, speaking up quick. 'Then why don't you tell? I insist upon your telling,' I answered as quick as he. Upon that, he drew in, and declared he had meant nothing. But it's not the first time he has thrown out these hints, Rosaline."

"He is a dangerous man," spoke Rosaline, her voice trembling with passion. "He could be a dangerous enemy."

"Well, I don't see why you should say that, Rose. He is neither your enemy nor mine. But I should like to know what reason he has for saying these things."

"Don't listen to him, mother; don't encourage him here," implored Rosaline. "I'm sure it will be better for our peace that he should keep his distance. And now will you have some arrowroot to-night, or—"

"I won't have anything," interrupted Dame Bell. "I had a bit of supper before I undressed and a sup of ale with it. I shall get to sleep if I can; and I hope with all my heart that your poor father won't be coming to me in my dreams."

Rosaline, as hidden, carried away the candle, and sat down to her own supper in the next room. But she could not eat. Mr. Blase Pellet's reported words were quite enough to stir her. Would this state of semi-thralldom in which she lived ever cease, she asked herself: would she ever again, as long as the world should last, know an hour that was not tinged with its fatal remembrance?

In the morning her mother said she was better, and got up as usual. This was Saturday. When Rosaline reached home in the afternoon, earlier than on other days, she found her sitting about at some active household. But on the Sunday morning she lay in bed, confessing that she felt but poorly. Rosaline wanted to call in Mr. Raynor; but her mother told her not to be silly; she was not ill enough for that.

The inward disorder which afflicted Mrs. Bell, and would eventually be her death, was making silent progress, sure if slow. Frank Raynor and his experience was a pretty extensive now—had never known a similar case develop itself so lingeringly. He thought she might have a year or two's life in her yet.

On this Sunday afternoon, when she and Rosaline were sitting together after dinner, Mr. Blase Pellet walked in. Rosaline only wished she could walk out. Rather than endure his company, she would have been glad to do it. But she forced herself to be civil to him.

"Look here," said Blase, pulling a newspaper out of his pocket where he had sat some minutes. "This advertisement must concern those Raynors that you know of. I'll read it to you."

LOST.—A small black cat called that has the appearance of a black cat. Was last seen at Eagle's Nest in the month of June, more than two years ago. Anybody giving information that would lead to the recovery of the cat, Mr. Street, solicitor of Lawyers Row, shall receive five guineas reward.

"Those Raynors, you know, came into that Eagle's Nest property, and then had to turn out of it again," added Blase.

commented Mrs. Bell. "I wonder what was in it?"

Blase did not get an invitation to stay for tea this afternoon, though he probably expected it. However, he was not one to intrude unwished for, and took his departure.

"I had a great mind to ask him what he meant by the remark he made the other evening about your poor father," said Mrs. Bell to Rosaline as he went out.

"Oh, mother, let it be!" exclaimed Rosaline in a piteous tone, her pale face changing to hectic. "He cannot know anything that would bring peace to you or to me."

"Well, I should like to see you now," said Dame Bell. "And I'd have asked him to stay, Rose, but for your ungracious looks."

Rosaline busied herself in getting the tea, which they took nearly in silence. While putting the things away in the cupboard afterwards, Rosaline made some remark, which was not answered. Supposing her mother did not hear, she spoke again. Still there came no reply, and Blase looked round. Dame Bell was sitting back on the sofa, apparently incoherent.

"It was the pain, child," she breathed, when Rosaline had revived her, but she had not quite fainted; "the sharp, sudden pain there. I never had it, I think, as bad as that."

Like a ghost she was still, with a pinched look in her face. Rosaline was frightened. Without telling her mother, she wrote a hasty line to Frank, to ask if he would please to come round, twisted it up three-corner fashion, and sent it by the landlady's daughter.

The note arrived just as Frank Raynor

and his wife were beginning to think of setting out for evening service. Frank seemed to have gone into a small back room near the kitchen, where he kept his store of drugs, and Daisy was alone when Sam came in, the note held between his fingers.

"For mother, please, ma'am; and it is to be given to me directly."

With an impatient word for Daisy knew what these hastily-written, unsealed missives generally meant, and she did not care to go to church at night alone—she untwisted it, and read the contents.

DEAR MR. RAYNOR.—If you could possibly come round this evening, I should be very much obliged to you. My mother has been taken suddenly worse, and I do not like her looks at all.

Very Truly Yours. R. P.

"The shameless thing!" broke forth Mrs. Frank Raynor, in her rising passion. "She writes to him exactly as if she were his equal!"

Folding the paper in twists again, she threw it on the table, and went up stairs to put her bonnet on. It did not take her long: when people are in these moods their fingers are apt to be as quick as their temper. Frank was only returning to the parlor as she went down.

"Oh, say, say, opening the note and reading it, 'then I can't go with you to-night, Daisy. I am called out.'"

No answer.

"I will take you to the church door and leave you there," added he, pitching the note into the fire.

"Of course you could not stay the service with me and attend to me in the frosty sky," cried Daisy, not seeking to suppress the sarcasm in her tone.

"No, I cannot do that. It is Mrs. Bell I am called to."

"Oh! Of all people she must not be neglected."

"Tight, Daisy. I would neglect the whole lot of patients rather than Mrs. Bell. She spoke on impulse, pained by her looks and tone. But, had he taken time for thought, he would not have avowed so much. The avowal meant nothing—at least, in the sense that Daisy gave to it. But for him, Francis Raynor, Mrs. Bell's husband might have been alive now. This lay on his conscience, and rendered him doubly solicitous for the poor widow. To be seen to be in her mind night and day; sleep she dreams of him, and she dwells on him. And oh, what a dreadful thing it all is!"

"Hush, Rosaline!" whispered Frank in the like cautious tone; and as Daisy's ears could not catch the conversation now, she of course thought the more. "The fancy will subside. At times, you know, she has had before."

"Blase Pellet excites her. I know he does. Only the other day he said something or other."

"I wish Blase Pellet was transported!" cried Frank quickly. "But it—it cannot be helped, Rosaline. Give your mother half a wine-glass of this mixture at once."

"I am so much obliged to you for all, she gently said, as she shook hands with her. "Oh, and beg your pardon for asking another question. She said she was turning away. 'I have been thinking that I ought perhaps to leave my situation and stay at home with my mother. I always meant to do so when she grew worse. Do you see any necessity for it?'"

"Not yet. Later of course you must do it; and perhaps it might be as well that you should be at home to-morrow, though the people of the house are attentive to her. You may rely upon me to tell you when the necessity comes."

"Thank you, Mr. Frank. Good night."

"Good night, Rose."

Frank held out his arm to his wife. She took it, and they walked home together. But this time she was very wary in answering any remark he made, and she did not allow herself to be drawn into the interview she had just been a witness to had only served to augment the sense of treason that filled the heart of Mrs. Frank Raynor.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

FARM AND GARDEN.

WORKS IN HORSES.—The most effective treatment for the expulsion of worms from a horse is to give castor oil and tartar emetic for four days; the fifth day give a pint of linseed oil; the worms are not expelled, repeat in a week.

CURE FOR CHICKEN CHOLERA.—To one saloon of corn meal add one tablespoonful of ginger, one of black root, and one of astringent pulverized. Give twice a day, one day and also a little salt and make it in their drinking water. A correspondent of the Four says he has tried this for two years without a failure.

HEADING OFF THE POTATO BUG.—It is recommended to plant only the early varieties of potatoes, in order to keep them free from the pest. The greatest amount of damage is done by the second crop of this insect, which hatches out late in summer, and is not enough to destroy the tops of late growing sorts of potatoes. If the young of the potato beetle are already gained, it is not to be able to mature and lie in wait until the following season, and thus ere long the pests may be got rid of.

